

The Brandon Mail.

VOL. 2.

THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1885.

LEGAL.

W. A. MACDONALD,
Barrister, Attorney, Solicitor, Notary Public,
Conveyancer, etc.
BRANDON, MANITOBA,
MONEY TO LOAN
OFFICE—Near Imperial Bank, Rosser Ave.

DALY & COLDWELL,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC.,
Solicitors for the Imperial Bank of Canada.
MONEY TO LOAN
Rosser Avenue, Brandon.

T. MAYNE DALY, JR. GEO. R. COLDWELL
BARRISTER, ETC.,
Solicitor for the Merchants' Bank
MONEY TO LOAN

C. A. DURAND,
BARRISTERS, ETC.,
Solicitor for the Merchants' Bank
MONEY TO LOAN

Office—Masonic Block, Rosser Avenue, Corner
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SIFTON & SIFTON,
BARRISTERS, ETC.
Office—Masonic block, Rosser Avenue,
Commissioners for taking affidavits for Ontario.

HENDERSON & HENDERSON,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES PUBLIC, ETC.,
Rosser Avenue, Brandon.
Money to loan on improved farm property.
F. G. A. Henderson. H. A. Henderson.

RUSSELL & COOPER,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC.
Office of Freehold, Loan and Savings Company.
Rosser Av., between 7th & 8th Sts., Brandon.

JOHN RUSSELL. D. H. COOPER.

HOTELS.

THE BRUNSWICK HOTEL,
10th Street, near the C.P.R. Railway.
THOS. B. TOWERS, Proprietor.
The Best Brands of Liquors and Cigars always
in the Bar.
Good accommodation and moderate charges.

MEDICAL.

DR. JOHN A. MACDONALD,
L.R.C.P. EDINBURG, SCOTLAND,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR.
Office and Residence, Rosser Avenue, over W.
A. McDonald's law office.

DR. RICHMOND SPENCER,
M. D., C. M. MCGILL, M. C. P. S. Que.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND CORONER
Office and residence—Corner Rosser Ave. and
Ninth street, over old post office.
BRANDON.

DR. J. McDARMD,
Physician, Surgeon and Accoucheur.
Honorary graduate of Trinity University, Toronto.
M. C. P. and S. Ont. and Man.
Oneida residence—over Atkinson's store, Cor.
Rosser & Ninth Street, Brandon.

DR. L. A. MOPE,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR.
Gold Medalist Trinity University, Toronto, M.C.P.
and S. Ontario and Man.
Office and Residence—T. T. Atkinson's store, Mole-
worth block, north-east corner, Rosser Avenue
and 6th Street, Brandon. Entrances on Rosser.
Gold filling a specialty.

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F. E. DOERING,
DENTIST,
gas for Painless Extraction of Teeth.
Office—over T. T. Atkinson's store, Mole-
worth block, north-east corner, Rosser Avenue
and 6th Street, Brandon. Entrances on Rosser.
Gold filling a specialty.

DR. MATHESON,
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BUSINESS CARDS.

R. P. MULLIGAN,
WHOLESALE WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANT,
sixth Street, Brandon, Man.

FRED. TORRANCE, B. A., V. S.
VETERINARY SURGEON.
Graduate of McGill University, and of the Mon-
treal Veterinary College.

Veterinarian for the Counties of Bran-
don and Dennis.
Office and Infirmary, Eleventh Street, Brandon.

J. H. BROWNLEE,
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR,
City and District Engineer.

MAPPING A SPECIALTY.
Rosser Ave, between 7th & 8th Sts., Brandon.

J. SHORT,
YERCHANT TAILOR.

Best material
on hand. Perfect Fit
guaranteed

CORNER 12TH ST. & ROSSER AVE.

A. F. & A. M., G. R. M.

regular meeting night of Brandon Lodge,
No. 1, held on the Tuesday on or before full
moon. Siting brethren invited.

J. McDARMD, W. M.
T. H. TOWERS, Sec.

The Weekly Mail

Is published every Thursday in time for the
mails leaving Brandon that day, and will contain
full news of the day, a general review and a full
summary of all local, Provincial and Dominion
news and carefully written editorials upon all
public questions.

Subscription, \$2.00 per year when paid in ad-
vance, and \$2.50 when paid in arrears. ADVERTISING RATES.

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1/2 "	70.00	40.00	25.00	12.00
1/4 "	40.00	25.00	15.00	8.00
1/8 "	25.00	15.00	8.00	4.00
1/16 "	12.00	7.00	4.00	2.50

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ditions. **By Law.** Sales, **discounts** and **allowances** at the rate
of 12 cents per line for first insertion, and 8 cents
per line for each subsequent insertion. The line
will be equivalent to 13 words or the one-twelfth
part of a column, including headings and illustrations.

Notices inserted under "special" heads in reading
matter, 15 cents per line each insertion.

No papers or no advertisements discontinued
till all arrears are paid.

C. CLIFFE,
Editor and Publisher.

SHORTHAND INSTRUCTION:

Pitman's Phonography by Mail.

W. G. KNIGHT, Oak Lake, Manitoba.

New City Bakery

Mr. BASENACH,
was opened a Bakery near the Rear of the
MASONIC BLOCK.

IS LOAVES FOR \$1.
Very best flour \$2 PER BAG.
Satisfaction guaranteed.



A. A. ROWE,
UNDERTAKER.

HAS REMOVED TO

Scot's Furniture Store,

Corner Princess Avenue and Eighth Street.
Only Hearses in the city in connection.
Orders by telegraph receive prompt attention.

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned
up to three o'clock p. m., of the thirteenth
day of April next, for the purchase of the book
debt of the **London** **Lindsay** **Rapid** **Coy.** **City**,
the book debts amount to about \$2,600, and a
list thereof can be seen on application to Charles
Meredith, assessor of real estate.

Tenders should be made to the undersigned
and addressed "tenders" for book debts.

The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

W. A. MACDONALD,
Solicitor for Assignee.

TENDERS WANTED!

For breaking and backsetting or breaking out:
100 acres w. & sec. 35, township 11, range 20. Will
be let in whole or in parts. Apply to

THOMAS E. CULLAND,
Putney P. O.

Alexander St.

Court of Revision

FOR THE

Municipality of Elton

Will be held in the house of Mrs. Young, section
34, p. 11, range 18, on

FRIDAY, APRIL 17th, 1885.

at two o'clock in the afternoon, when all com-
plaints of assessment or non-assessment will be
heard.

M. G. ABEL,
Sec-Treas.

BABY

Can be kept quiet and comfortable by wearing
around the neck a piece of NORMAN'S ELECT-
RIC SLEEPING NECKLACES. They are
better than all the Soothing Syrup in Christen-
dom. They give no shocks and are comfortable.
Price 50 cents. Sold by all druggists. Ask for
them and take no other.

OUR TEMPERANCE WORK.

Conducted by
W. C. T. U. of BRANDON.

"MY TWO BOYS."

Talking with a quiet little woman in one of the prettiest villages of New Hampshire one day, we deplored the fact that about a mile and a half distant there was a saloon, where liquor was freely, though half clandestinely supplied to men and boys who were in the habit of frequenting it. The conversation was very calm and quiet for some time, until a new thought struck our friend, and with a sudden flush of indignation she exclaimed:—

"If I thought that man (the liquor seller) would ever try to entice my two boys into his saloon and teach to drink I'd turn it down!"

Who could blame such a spirit! Even to save her boys from physical death would not any, save an unnatural mother, run the risk of a deed as desperate! How much more then when a snare is laid for the destruction of both soul and body!

"My two boys"—can any woman, mother, wife, sister—think of the danger which threatens somebody's boys on every hand, and fail to put forth an effort to avert it?

Yet how many put aside the thought of temperance work as something which does not concern them, because it has never touched them in the tenderest spot. Let it be far from us selfishly to rest satisfied in our exemption from this form of misery while thousands of our fellow beings are continually being degraded into something sickening to contemplate, through this deadly traffic.

Oh, this is emphatically woman's work! Let the "Woman's Whiskey War," as an English paper styles it, be carried on with a courage and resolution which no obstacles shall daunt, nor opposition discourage.

God grant to open the eyes of all our women, old and young, to see that their responsibility is in this matter.

God give us women, who see in souls—

life eternal;

In man a brotherhood;

In woman sisterhood;

In God the father over all;

Let such as these be marshalling under

Christ our King?

The nation's need shall be the nation's

power!

M. R. J.

The two most ghastly death-beds on earth are the one where a man dies of delirium tremens and the other where a woman dies after having sacrificed all her faculties of body mind, and soul in the worship of fashion. My friends; we must appear in judgment to answer for what we have worn on our bodies, as well as for what repentance we have exercised with our souls. Christ announced who would make up the royal family of heaven when He said:—"Whosoever doeth the will of God, the same is my brother, my sister, my mother."—Talmage.

TEMPERANCE IN EDIN- BURGH.

The Rev. W. G. Blakie D. D., writes from Edinburgh to the *New York Observer*. The Christian community here are now in great earnest in the battle with strong drink. This being the season of the year when licences are renewed, there is no small straining our temperance reformers in getting up petitions and deputations to the Licensing Boards imploring them to reduce the number of licensed houses, especially in the poor, parts of our cities. Within the last few years, the female sex has come much more to the front in this battle. I grieve to say that habits of drunkenness have become far more common than they used to be in many classes of women, both high and low, on the other hand Christian women are becoming intensely moral in the state of things, and are leading a silent aid in the struggle. This month, for example, in Edinburgh we had a temperance session conducted by a lady, Mrs. Joseph Lucas, of Sutherland. For seven successive nights in our Free Assembly Hall, Mrs. Lucas expounded the various aspects of the temperance question, deepening the impression as she went along. She handled the subject in a very different style from Mr. Murphy, who was not a success in Edinburgh. At our licensing court, the female sex is expected to muster in great strength to confront the authorities. One interesting feature will be a petition, and possibly a deputation, from women inhabiting the pleasure-grounds, and other low streets of this city, where public houses are crowded as thick as berries on a tree. These poor people will make their appeal—"we wish to be sober, we know that drink is our ruin, but we are weak mortals naturally depends chiefly on the length of

our children are easily tempted, and we cannot resist the temptation scattered in our way at every turn." The drink interest has always been a powerful force hitherto, and magistrates have been swayed by appeals of *misericordia* in favor of widows, old soldiers and what not, who wish to have licences. Any one may see where the *zazel* appeal of *misericordia* lies. At the same time, while every effort must be made under the present system, we have no hope of substantial reform in the licensing system until "Local option" shall commit the power to Boards elected by the rate payers to deal specially and exclusively with the licensing question and the drink traffic.—*N. Y. Observer*.

THE CARNIVAL.

The following were the prize winners at the carnival last Thursday evening, and the characters they represented. It is needless to say the entertainment was highly successful from every point of view:

Minnie Botting, Orange Girl; Willie Botting, Soldier Boy; James Hay and H. Sills, Germans; Lena Beggs, Telephone Girl, 1st prize; Jennie McTavish, Bride; Barbara McTavish, Fairy Queen; F. Collins, British Brigand; Nellie Browne, Buttercup; Jessie Lee, Polish girl, 2nd prize; Katie Lee, Diana; E. Edgar, Fat Boy; W. Lang, Yankee dude; Mulligan, negro dude; W. B. Bouley, Ghost; J. W. Fleming, Paris Ball Dress; W. Shaw, Negro wench; C. Deyell, Sailor Boy; W. S. Merrill, Convict; Ed. Boisseau, Drummer Boy; Alf. Boisseau, Captain Pineapple.

A few days ago while Mr. J. C. Henry was attempting to cross Oak River in a boat, standing inside of a barrel, he managed to get half way across and swam the rest. He lost his equilibrium.

A sufficient number of horses not being available, oxen are now going west to assist in transporting supplies for the troops quelling the Saskatchewan rebellion. Five dollars a day for a team of oxen, and seven dollars for a team of horses, is being paid. A driver must go with each team.

The Rapid City paper says:—A few days ago Mr. S. Grammett, of this town, was putting hay down from his loft, and when he had finished, he dropped the pitchfork on the pile of hay, not noticing that his little son about five years of age was playing on it. The consequence was that the fork ran into the little lad's back. One prong entered very near the spine, causing a wound not of serious consequence, but the wound from the other prong is much more dangerous. It entered the region of the left kidney, injuring it and touching one of the lungs. At the present time the little fellow is in a fair way of recovery.

The Moosomin Courier says:—Mr. S. A. Bedford of the Northwest Land Company, has just returned from a tour through the Crofton Colony. He reports our "Highland neighbors" all well and doing well, and mainly in fine shape. They are joining their resources together and will build Mr. Murdoch McLean, (the brother colonist), a house. It will be tenanted by Mr. McLean the Crofton who was burnt out a short time ago.

Two desperadoes were arrested at Tait Mountain last week, on the Canadian side of the line by American detectives, one of whom is charged with the murder of four men, leading stores and stealing horses and was such a desperate character that the American Government offered one thousand dollars reward for his apprehension.

HUDSON BAY.

Ottawa, April 15.—The expedition to Hudson Bay this spring will, it is expected, be made by the steamship *Alert*, the vessel lent by the British Government to the United States to form a part of the Greely relief expedition, and which has been proved most admirably fitted for Arctic navigation. It was at first contemplated to despatch the new steamer *Lansdowne* upon this important cruise, but if the *Alert* is placed at the disposal of our Government she will of course be glad to accept. A bill has just passed in Congress providing for the return of the *Alert* to the English Government, and expressing the gratitude of the American people for the generous conduct of Great Britain, and it is probable that in the course of a few weeks the vessel will be transferred to the English Government, and placed at the service of the Canadian Government.

An early departure to Hudson's Bay will be made this spring, in order that the accurate knowledge of the date for the opening of navigation may be obtained, and observations of the ice to be encouraged, taken, the vessel proceeding to Churchill and York Factory, and picking up on the way the occupants of the observatory stations established last autumn about Hudson's straits and Bay.

Under the new Act of Congress, April 1884.

The new law provides that the said debts shall be payable in two years with interest at seven per centum per annum payable yearly, and that the same may be levied in each year to the amount of the interest and sinking fund for re-payment of principal.

The existing law of the Municipality is nil the amount of the payable property according to the last assessment, or \$1,000,000, and the interest and sinking fund on the dollar levied according to the last rate struck is seven mills.

The existing law or a transcript thereof is on file and may be seen at the office of the undersigned until the day of tax sale.

The further consideration of the by-laws after the taking of said vote is fixed for the tenth day of April, in the year of our Lord 1885, in the town of Woodworth, in the Municipality of Woodworth, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated this 22nd day of April, A. D. 1885.

T. R. TODD,

Clerk of the Municipality of Woodworth.

MUNICIPALITY OF

WHITEWATER.

Court of Revision.

Notice is hereby given that the council of the Municipality of Whitewater will sit as a Court of Revision on

Thursday, 28th day of May

next, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., at Mr. David Gillett's, 5th & 2nd, to hear all appeals against the assessment for 1885.

J. C. R. WIGHTMAN,
Sec-Treas.

CALLED BACK

By HUGH CONWAY.

Light so brilliant that in a glance I could see everything the apartment contained. Each article of furniture, the pictures on the walls, the dark curtains drawn over the window at the end, the mirror over the fireplace, the table in the center, on which a large lamp was burning. I could see all this, and more! For round the table were grouped four men, and the faces of two of the party were well known to me!

That man who was facing me—handing across the table on which his hands rested, whose features seemed full of alarm, whose eyes were fixed on one object a few feet away from him—that man was Ceneri, the Italian doctor, Pauline's uncle and guardian.

That man who was near the table on Ceneri's right hand—who stood in the attitude of one ready to repel a possible attack whose face was nerve and full of passion, whose dark eyes were blazing that man was the English-speaking Italian, Macari, or, as he now styled himself, Anthony, Pauline's brother. He also was looking at the same object as I.

The man in the background—a short, thin man, with a scar on his cheek—was a stranger to me. He was looking over Ceneri's shoulder in the same direction.

And the object they all looked at was a young man, who appeared to be fainting out of his chair, and whose hand grasped convulsively the hilt of a dagger, the blade of which was buried in his heart, buried I knew by a blow which had been struck downward by one standing over him.

All this I saw and realized in a second. The attitude of each actor, the whole scene surrounding was taken in by me as one takes in with a single glance the port and meaning of a picture. Then I dropped Pauline's hand and sprang to my feet.

Where was the lighted room? Where were the figures I had seen? Where was that tragic scene which was taking place before my eyes? Vanished into thin air! The candle was burning dimly behind me, the front room was in dusk. Pauline and I were the only living creatures in the place!

It was a dream, of course. Perhaps, under the circumstances, not an unnatural one. Knowing what I knew all ready of the crime which had taken place here, feeling sure that in some way Pauline had been present when it was committed, evidently Pauline's dagger, he began reciting his song, the very song I had before heard, that song with the dreadful ending. It is no wonder that I imagined a scene like this, and taking the only person I knew who was in any way connected with my poor wife, brought them into the life-like vision.

But given that a man may dream the same dream twice, perhaps three times, there is no record of his dreaming it as often as he will. Yet this was my case. Again I took Pauline's hand, and, after a few moments' waiting, I felt the same strange sensation and saw the same awful sight. Not once, not twice, but many times did this occur, until, skeptical as I was, as even I am now in such matters, I could only believe that in some mysterious way I was actually gazing on the very sight which had met the girl's eyes when, moments, perhaps mercifully, fled from her, and reason was left impaired.

It was only when our hands were in contact that the scene came before me. This fact strengthened my theory. I tell then, I feel now, it is the true one. What peculiar mental or physical organization can have brought about such an effect? I do not like to say "call it catælapse," catælapse, anything you will, but it was like that.

Again and again I took Pauline's hand, and as I did so I looked into that brainily lighted room.

Like the man in the scenes in *La belle Helene*, I sat and sat without a change of attitude or expression. Saw Ceneri, Macari, and the man in the background looking at their victim. The appearance of the last named I studied very closely. Even with the agony of death on his face I could see he was supremely hardened. His must have been a face that seemed to look up, and even through the horror of death, a past thought came to me, a terrible thought, that he had been in relation with the girl who saw him suddenly struck down.

Who had struck him? Without a doubt Macari, who, as I said was standing near him in the attitude of one expecting an attack. His hand might just have quivered the dagger held. His downward stare had shown the blade so deeply into the heart that death and the blow were all but simultaneous. This was what Pauline saw when perhaps she was seeing now, and what, by some strange power, she was able to show me—show another a picture!

Ever since that night I have wondered how I found the presence I found to sit there and repeatedly call up, by the aid of that young girl by his side, that phantasmagoria. It must have been the burning desire to fathom the mysteries of that long past night, the wish to learn exactly what shock had disengaged my wife's intellect, the indignation at the cowardly, the murderer, and the hope of bringing the criminal to justice, which gave me the strength to produce and reproduce that scene until I was satisfied that all that dimly shown could tell me, until at least, who was the best. Pauline was so strong in her present state.

Then I wrapped her cloak around her, took her in my arms and bore her from the room, down the stairs to the door, where I was met by a summons a cab and a few short steps brought home, and here, as well as ever, upon her bed, the terrible, terrible power she had possessed of communicating her thoughts to me, it came, as soon as we were outside of that fatal house. Now and hereafter I could hold her hand, but no dream, vision or hallucination followed the act.

This is the one thing I cannot explain—the mystery at which I hinted when I commenced my tale. I have related

what happened; if my bare word is insufficient to win credence, I must be content on this one point to be disbelieved.

CHAPTER IX.
A BLACK LIE.

Having placed the poor girl in Priscilla's motherly hands, I fetched the best doctor I could think of, and efforts were at once made to restore consciousness. It was long before any sign of returning animation showed itself, but, at last, she awoke. Need I say what a supreme moment that was to me?

I need not give details of that return to life. After all, it was but a half return, and brought fresh terrors in its train. When morning dawned it found Pauline raving with what I prayed was the delirium of fever.

The doctor told her state was a most critical one. There was hope for her life, but no certainty of saving it. It was during those days of anxiety that I learned how much I loved my unhappy girl. How grateful I should be if she were given back to me, even as I have always known her.

Her wild, fevered words entreated me to the heart. Sometimes in English, sometimes in Italian, she called on some one; spoke words of deep love and sorrow, gave vent to expressions of tenderness. These were succeeded by cries of grief, and it seemed as if shudders of fear passed over her.

For me there was no word; no look of recognition. I, who would have given worlds to hear my name spoken once, during her delirium, with an expression of love, was but a stranger at her bedside.

Whom was it she called for and lamented? Who was the man she and I had last seen? I soon learned—and if my informant spoke the truth, he had, in so doing, dealt me a blow from which I should never rally.

It was Macari who struck it. He called on me the day after Pauline and I had visited the house. I would not see him then. My plans were not formed. For the time I could think of nothing save my wife's danger. But two days afterward, when he again called, I gave ground for him to be admitted.

I shuddered as I took the hand I dared not yet release him, although in my own mind I was certain that a murderer's fingers were clasped round my own.

Perhaps the very fingers which had once clasped on my throat. Yet, with all I knew, I doubted whether I could bring him to justice. Unless Pauline recovered the evidence I could bring would be of no weight. Even the victim's name was unknown to me. Before the accusation was made it was impossible to identify the man who had struck the blow. The candle was burning dimly behind me, the front room was in dusk. Pauline and I were the only living creatures in the place!

It was a dream, of course. Perhaps, under the circumstances, not an unnatural one. Knowing what I knew all ready of the crime which had taken place here, feeling sure that in some way Pauline had been present when it was committed, evidently Pauline's dagger, he began reciting his song, the very song I had before heard, that song with the dreadful ending. It is no wonder that I imagined a scene like this, and taking the only person I knew who was in any way connected with my poor wife, brought them into the life-like vision.

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groom! my dear brother-in-law! I will tell you why I killed that man and what I meant by my words to you at Geneva."

His air of bitter, callous mockery, as he spoke these words made me dread what was to come. My hands were tingling to throw him from the room.

"That man—I shall not for obvious reasons tell you his name—he was Pauline's lover. Translate 'lover' into Italian—into what the word *disulo* signifies in that language—then you will understand my meaning. We, on our mother's side, have noble blood in our veins—blood which brooks no insult. He was Pauline's, your wife's lover. I say again. He had no wish to marry her, and so Ceneri and I killed him—killed him in London—even in her presence. As I told you once before, Mr. Vaughan, it is well to marry a woman who cannot recall the past."

I made no reply. So hideous a statement, I simply rose and walked toward him. He saw my purpose written in my face. "Not here," he said hastily, and moving away from me; "what good can it do here—a vulgar scuffle between two gentlemen? Not on the Continent—anywhere, meet me, and I will show you how I hate you."

He spoke now, the self-possessed villain! What good could it do? An unseemly struggle, in which I could scarcely hope to kill him; and Pauline the while perhaps upon the point of death!

"Every word you have ever spoken to me has been a lie, and because you hate me, you have to-day told me the greatest lie of all. Go; save yourself from the gallows by flight."

He gave me a look of malicious triumph and left me. The air in the room seemed purer now that he no longer breathed it.

Then I went to Pauline's room, and sitting by her bed heard her parched lips ever and ever calling in English or Italian on some one she loved. Heard them beseeching and warning, and knew that her wild words were addressed to the man whom Macari avowed he had slain because he was the lover of his sister's wife.

The villain left. I knew he lied. Over and over again I told myself it was a plot, a sheer lie—that Pauline was as pure as an angel. But, as I strove to comfort myself with these assertions, I knew that he was as yet until I could prove it such, it would rankle in my heart; would be ever with me; would grow until I mistook it for truth; would give me not a moment's rest or peace, until it made me insane the day when Kenyon led me into the gallows by flight.

How could I prove the untruth? There were but two other persons in the world who knew Pauline's history.

Shuddered as I took the hand I dared not yet release him, although in my own mind I was certain that a murderer's fingers were clasped round my own.

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I knew the name of the street to which Pauline had led me. I had noticed it as I drove from it a few nights ago, and the reason of my drunken guide's mistake was apparent. It was Horace street. My conductor had jumbled up Wapple and Horace in his drunk-maddened brain.

On what a slight thread the whole course of a life hangs!

Macari had heard of Pauline's illness and delirium. He was as tenderly solicitous in his inquiries as a brother should be. My replies were cold and brief. Brother or not he was answerable for everything.

Presently he changed the subject. "I scarcely like to trouble you at such a time, but I should be glad to know if you are willing to join me, as I suggest, in a memorial to Victor Emmanuel."

"I am not. There are several things I must have explained first."

He bowed politely, but I saw his lips close tightly for a moment.

"I am quite at your service," he said. "Very well. Before all I must be satisfied that you are my wife's brother."

He raised his thick dark eyebrows and tried to smile.

"That is easily done. Had poor Ceneri been with us, he would have vouch'd for it."

"But he told me differently."

"Ah, he had his reasons. No matter, I can bring plenty of other persons."

"Then again, I said, looking him full in the face and speaking very slowly, "I must know who your murderer is."

He lowered the fellow felt-fear or rage—the expression of his face was that of blank astonishment. Not, I think, the surprise of innocence, but of wonder that the crime should be known.

For a moment his jaw dropped and he gaped at me in silence.

Then he recovered. "Are you mad, Mr. Vaughan?" he cried.

"On the 20th of August, 1861, at No. Horace street you stabbed here, to the heart, a young man who was sitting at the table. Dr. Ceneri was in the room at the time, also another man with a scar on his face."

He attempted no evasion. He sprang to his feet with features convulsed with rage. He seized my arm. For a moment I thought he only wanted to attack me, but found he only wanted to scare me off. I did not shrink from his inspection. I hardly thought he would recognize me; so great a change does blindness make in a face.

But he knew me. He dropped my arm and stamped his foot in fury.

"Fools! Idiots!" he hissed. "Why did they not let me do the work thoroughly?"

He walked once or twice up and down the room, and then with regained composure stood in front of me.

"You are a great actor, Mr. Vaughan," he said, with coolness and cynicism which appalled me. "You deceived even me, and I am very suspicious."

"You do not even dream the crime, you villain?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Why should I, to an eye-witness?" To others I will deny it fast enough. Besides, as you are interested in the matter, there is no occasion to do so."

"I am interested!"

"Certainly; as you married my sister! Now, my fine fellow! my gay bride-

down dere! Clar to goodness, dey work this nigger to deff!" And Aunt Louisa stooped down, grabbed the dark-looking object, and began to scour away industriously on a pan but she hadn't given but one or two wifes when she dropped it like a coal of fire. She looked at three scratches across her hand, and rubbed her cheek where the blood came out, and as she watched the dishrag scumming over the floor with its tail up she exclaimed, "Bress! de goodness, dat dishrag, was de cat!"

The head cook of a Galveston hotel went to a little store to buy some provisions, and seeing a basket of eggs asked:

"Are these eggs fresh?"

"Yes; I get them fresh from the country every day."

"So buy I buy all these eggs, what will you charge me for the lot?"

"All off 'em."

"Every one of them."

"I don't want to sell them all at once."

"Why not?"

"You see I've got regular customers who gets fresh eggs had the day before. If I sell you all these eggs next week I'll not have any fresh eggs had the day before for my customers."

Wall Papers,

Wall Papers,

The finest stock ever received west of Winnipeg. The line embrace

GOLDS

in great variety.

SATINS

In every Design & Cheaper Papers

To suit every taste and fancy.

NO NEED OF GOING TO WINNIPEG

For extra fine papers.

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To suit every pattern at the

Post Office Bookstore.

BRANDON POST OFFICE

Arrival and Departure of Mails

MAILS CLOSED FOR AD. JUNE 15, 1882.

For Rapid City, daily, at 10 a.m. *Arrive* 1 p.m.
Delaware, Fridays, at 7 a.m.
Milford, Laramie, etc., Mondays and Thursdays, at 7 a.m.
Menota, Fridays, at 7 a.m.
Souris, Tuesday, at 12:30 p.m.
Pendleton, Friday, at 1 p.m.
Train leaves for the East at 12 a.m. *Arrive* 1 p.m.MAILS ARRIVING AT THIS OFFICE.
From Rapid City, daily, at 10:30 a.m.
Delaware, etc., Thursdays, at 7 p.m.
Milford, Laramie, etc., Thursdays and Fridays, at 10 a.m.
Menota, Thursdays, at 5 p.m.
From Souris, Mondays, at 11:30 a.m.
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From Rapid City, daily

TOWN TOPICS

The entire fighting force of the troops now at the front is about 5,200.

Yesterday was Arbor day in the city, and a large number of trees were planted.

The poundkeeper is making war on all stray cattle in the city. Owners of bovine ought to look after their animals.

Wild flowers can now be seen dotting the prairies in profusion, which would be a joyful sight for Ontarians.

The public will sympathize with Ald. Hugies in the loss of his eldest daughter, of diphtheria, on Tuesday last.

Thos. Cox, for selling liquor to Indians, has been sent down for thirty days. Cox might better have stuck to the buckskin.

Reeve Hellwell has been appointed to act as chairman at the sittings of the Western Judicial District Board, in the absence of Major Boulton.

The weather is now very fine, and seeding is being done at a very rapid rate. The bulk of the crop will doubtless be in the ground in the next ten days.

Ald. Dickenson had Ed. Jordan before the Beak for the larceny of some tools. The theft could not be established, and Jordan was acquitted.

The regular business meeting of the W.C.T.U. will be held at the Central School, on Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock. All members are earnestly requested to attend.

The Rev. Mr. Fortin has resigned the pastorate of St. Mary's Church, Portage la Prairie, and taken charge of the English Church at St. Andrews.

Corrie, the grain robber, so cleverly captured by Chief McMillan in Winnipeg some days since, has been sentenced to three years at Stoney Mountain by Judge Walker.

The wardens of St. Matthew's Church have received from Mr. C. L. Hanson, the agent of the Jewell Nursery Company, of Lake City, Minnesota, a donation of 25 young shade trees, box elder, &c. They will add to the beauty of the grounds.

We understand that Mr. Edie, of the Edie House, is going to test the validity of the liquor law in the higher courts, to see what is and what is not the law of the land. All the other dealers in the city, to whom licenses have been refused, say they will abide by the law as it reads.

Mr. Goggin, in charge of the Normal School, is daily in receipt of letters asking for teachers, with the patent expression "state salary expected." If Trustees in quest of teachers would only mention the highest sum they could pay, it would enable Mr. Goggin to select the best teachers he could for the money. Will they take this as a friendly hint?

Mr. Whitehead, of the firm of Whitehead & Whitelaw returned Tuesday from his six-week's visit to Ontario. He says that in a general way business is no better there than here, many houses are more stayed and the general public are more firmly located there than here, and this constitutes the difference. The rebellion creates more excitement there than here, for every Ontarian thinks the savages live at the door of his acquaintances.

Last Sunday was the anniversary of the institution of Oddfellowship in America. The members of Brandon City Lodge No. 6, attended divine service in St. Matthew's Church. The morning was delightful and the boys marched splendidly. Pews were reserved for them. The Rev. Mr. Boydell preached a very appropriate sermon on the principles and duties of Oddfellows. A special donation to Mr. Boydell of a nice sum of money was placed in an envelope and handed in with the ordinary collection.

If there is no issue of the MAIL published next week, our readers will remember it is because we are moving into our new premises next the Post Office. We have got to move next week or the week following, and at writing we are undecided which. We made an effort to hire an extra printer, to assist in moving and not stop an issue, but there are

so many of them off to the front showing such a patriotism and valor as only printers possess, that there is not a "stray man" to be had in the country.

The Free Press is terribly exercised because the Times charged one of the members of the Local Legislature with drunkenness in the House, in a recent issue. If the Times is knowingly behind the member, it is open to censure; but if it told the naked truth, which we are led to infer it did from the F. P.'s lack of regard for its exposure, but it is to be commended rather condemned for its exposure. But the ownership of the ox gored makes all the difference to the Free Press. It is only a short time since it accused Sir John Macdonald of drunkenness and debauchery, on the mere authority of the Globe, but when it comes to a Grit M. P. P. of Manitoba the whole world must throw a veil over his shortcomings. If the "dignity of the House" is to be maintained as Mr. Greenway said it should be, when speaking of the Times' article on the floor, it can only be by the members setting a proper example.

Three Books Given Away.

We will send the following three books free: LADIES PRIVATE COMPANION, a complete medical adviser for women, illustrated and bound in cloth, former price \$1, FUN AND CANDY, a 48-page book telling how to make over 100 kinds of candies and other sweet things, handsomely bound, (former price 50 cts.), and LADIES GUIDE TO FANCY WORK, a practical instructor in all kinds of Art Matters, containing 64 large 4-column pages, over 200 handsome Illustrative Engravings, and well bound, to any lady who sends 50 cents for six months trial subscription to THE HOUSEWIFE, a large 16 page journal devoted to Fashions, Fancy Work, Art Creations, How to Cook, and Household Matters. If you will send \$2.00 for four friends, you will each receive all the above, and we will send you an elegant HAND MIRROR. For club of 50 we give a LADIES GOLD WATCH. Address THE HOUSEWIFE PUB CO., Nunda, N. Y.

We are glad to see tree planting has been taken hold of in earnest and hope that it will meet with all the encouragement possible. Mr. C. L. Hanson, of Turtle Mountain, has had a car load of trees shipped here this spring, from the celebrated Jewell Nursery, Lake City, Minnesota, and on inspection we must say, we never saw a finer or healthier lot of trees. The sprouts are as fresh as if they had been just taken from the ground. He deserves credit for the way he has his trees taken care of. We are glad also to note our City Council has taken the matter in hand and have made arrangements with Mr. Hanson, to furnish several hundred trees, which are now being planted by experienced gardeners throughout the city. Each and every tree planted in this way is guaranteed for two years. Mr. Hanson has made the city a very liberal offer in giving the council some 200 trees gratis, will have them planted by his experienced gardeners free of charge, if the town will set apart a piece of ground for a park and fence it. Too much cannot be said on tree planting and we hope in the near future to see our beautiful city completely clothed with shade and ornamental trees. Everyone should plant them.

For Boys and Girls.

We shall give away several thousand dollars in presents before August 1st, including Solid Gold Watches Jewelry, Guns, Revolvers, Violins, Banjos, Guitars, Music Boxes, Tool Chests, Telescopes, and everything an intelligent boy or girl could desire.

If you want the model magazine for the youth of the 10th century, send 25 cents for three months trial subscription and list of presents.

A handsome Pocket Knife or something of greater value guaranteed to all sending.

Send for your friends and receive the presents. Address, NAT. YOUTH'S MONTHLY, Buffalo, N. Y.

On Tuesday evening last, an agent gave an exhibition on our streets of the use of the "Canadian Grenade," a liquid manufactured out of chemicals to extinguish incipient fires. The agent first saturated a dry pine box with coal oil and tar, set it on fire, and, when well under headway, threw a few bottles of the liquid upon the flames which were readily extinguished, while admitting there were many present who were not satisfied with the test—some thinking the liquid had an affinity for tar and coal oil, and would not have the same effect on a fire without their presence, and others expecting more from the experiment, we may say the test can be taken as a fair representative of the merits of this compound. We have already, read testimony from parties this agent saw, that bears indisputable evidence that this is a valuable protection in every household, and costs but little. Mr. Brownlee, in this city, has taken the agency for its sale here, and will take pleasure in giving ample evidence of the value of the "Grenade" to all who desire to purchase.

If there is no issue of the MAIL published next week, our readers will remember it is because we are moving into our new premises next the Post Office. We have got to move next week or the week following, and at writing we are undecided which. We made an effort to hire an extra printer, to assist in moving and not stop an issue, but there are

TO BRANDON VOLUNTEERS.

By Clara G., aged 14.
From shore to shore, the sound of war
P'a forth its stirring flume :
And bids the sons of Canada
Exalt her lustrous fame.
And proudly as by gye years
Re-pose as loyal give—
Proclaim that in the present time :
As noble hero's live,
The blessings warn, and fervid cheers
We give our gallant volunteers.

And beneath our flag of Freedom,
Heroes round its folds have died ;
And to day when clouds o'er-shade it
I gather at the cell with pride,
Poving that, by gye one valor
Brill a ty gilds historic page—
That's true a loyal spur.
Lives within the present age,
Then bays us warn, and fervid cheers
We give our noble volunteers.

And th' thing by victory winning,
With new laurels, crown their land—
Those who for the right are striving
Must in triumph grandly stand,
And when glori' somew'it marching
May the welcome warm, resound,
And proud, and glad, greetings
Will everywhere be found.
Then welcome warm, and fervid cheers
We'll give our gallant volunteers.

THE REBELLION.

Fate of Fort Pitt.

Battleford, April 22.—Five policemen arrived to-day from Fort Pitt to report one policeman killed, one wounded and Hudson's Bay officer McLennan and family and other occupants of Pitt having taken refuge in a friendly Indian camp.

A BATTLEFORD DESPATCH.

Qu'Appelle, April 22.—News from Battleford says scouts just returned from Fort Pitt report the garrison safe. 21 policemen had a fight with the Indians on Wednesday last. The Indians were 100 strong. One policeman named Wm. Cowan, was killed and one was wounded. Four Indians were killed.

At The Front.

Clarke's Crossing, N. W. T. April 22.—Lord Melgund went out with five scouts this morning to make a reconnaissance, and when two miles out saw two scouts on horseback, one Indian and a half-breed armed with rifles. They chased the rebels 15 miles, when they ran them into a buffalo covered with timber, when seven others opened fire. The scouts fired seven shots in return, wounding the Indians. The scouts were most anxious to go in and fight it out, but Lord Melgund thought as the horses were played out, the number of rebels unknown, and being 18 miles from camp, discretion was the better part of valor, and ordered the men to retreat. The firing of the rebels was poor. The chase was viewed by Riel's scouts from the opposite bank.

THE ADVANCE.

Both columns have been ordered to advance to-morrow at 7 a.m., as supplies and forage are expected to arrive to-night. The health of all the troops is good, and the men are anxious to advance. How is it that supplies have not been sent in by Moosejaw, on a good trail, which is 39 miles shorter than by Batoos and Troy, thus avoiding the Salt Plains, a question that may be answered by those in authority.

At The Front.

Camp, 20 miles south of Duck Lake, April 23.—Gen. Middleton's left column left Clarke's Crossing this morning, numbering 500 men, including eighty mounted, of whom 28 are armed and are now in camp here. The right column is camped on the opposite bank. Eighty wagons accompany the column, twelve of which are loaded with supplies. There are twenty sacks of oats with the teams and no hay, and the horses have been turned loose to feed on the prairie grass. It is expected to get hay across the river to-night for teams, as there are about fifty tons stored there. Twenty wagons loaded with oats are expected to join the right column to-night; also about the same number with supplies. If Riel has 800 men and there is no reliable information to the contrary, we may have a tough time about Sunday, although all feel confident of victory, and are anxious to get to the front after the long delay.

From Battleford.

Battleford, April 23.—Frank Smart, white on picket duty last night, was shot dead by Indians. The whole picket force was obliged to retire inside of the trench by Indian skirmishers. Two of the Hudson's Bay Company's buildings across the river were burnt last night.

FORT PITT.

The police report that Factor McLennan and family, besides Mann's and Quinn's families, are all prisoners in Big Bear's camp. They removed there from the Hudson's Bay post on a summons from the chief. The police refused to go and had a fight with Big Bear's men, in which policeman Cowan was killed and policeman Lum-by wounded. Four Indians were killed, several wounded, and the remainder beaten off. The police then took to the river on a snow, and reached safe quarters, bringing away their rifles and ammunition.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

Battleford April 23.—Frank Smart, formerly of Winnipeg and Montreal, killed last night while on picket duty, was buried this afternoon, Col. Morris giving him a military funeral. Another Hudson's Bay warehouse was burned this afternoon. A scout just in says that Col. Otter's party will camp on the south side of battle River to-night and cross to-morrow. The scout returned to Otter to report our situation. Four scouts had a skirmish to-day with twenty Indians, but stood them off. A large party of mounted Indians are riding excitedly about the hills south of the town to-night. Signal fires are seen in all directions. The garrison was kept under arms all last night. The situation is becoming more critical, notwithstanding the denials of interested parties.

Judge Rouleau's house has just been set on fire.

Clarke's Crossing, N. W. T., April 24.—A messenger just returned from the north bringing the following particulars of an engagement which took place with the rebels at 9,15 this morning, fifteen miles south of Battleford. The insurgents had taken ground on the edge of a deep ravine, from which they poured a deadly fire into the advancing column. When the messenger left the fight was still raging. Three houses of the enemy had been sheltered, and many rebels driven from them took refuge in the ravine. The Indian allies of the rebels fought vigorously and in Indian fashion. The whole number in the ravine is estimated at about three hundred. General Middleton's hat was shot through, but he escaped uninjured, and Capt. Wise, A. D. C., and his horse's tail under him. The ravine is entirely surrounded, and there is no possibility of the rebels escaping. The 10th Loyalists from the west bank had just arrived and the news was being received.

One party of rebels is just dislodged. The artillery is still shelling the rebels out of the ravine. Several Indian ponies have been captured. The rebel loss is not yet known. The Indians set the prairie on fire, but a heavy rain shower extinguished it.

THE REBELS

During the night the rebels from the position they occupied at the close of the fight, and nothing can be seen of them in the ravine. This morning, at two o'clock, there was an alarm and the troops turned out in less than five minutes.

THE DEAD

were buried near the camp yesterday morning General Middleton reading the burial service. This morning the troops paraded for divine service, prayers being again read by the General.

MORE DEATHS.

Gunner Armstrong, of "A" Battery, and D'Arcy Baker, of Boulton's troop, died last night.

CAPT. CLARK

is now expected to recover. It is intended to send the wounded back to Clarke's Crossing tomorrow. The hospital corps would be of great service if it were here just now. The men who are nursing the wounded are doing their best; but they have not good facilities, and cannot give them proper care.

AT THE RAVINE.

A detachment has been ordered to go up to the ravine this afternoon. I have just returned from a visit to inspection to the ravine. Two dead Indians were found on the field where the earlier fighting took place. Three others are known to have been killed. Fifty-four dead ponies in all have been counted on the field and in the ravine. The rebels had eight small rifles pits and one large one. Several pools of blood were found in these. Fourteen ponies and twenty head of cattle were captured in the ravine yesterday. The rebels

HAVE NOT BEEN SEEN

near here since the day of the battle, to all appearances they suffered severely, and have received their first lesson.

CROSSING THE RIVER.

I left camp at 6 p.m., after returning from the battlefield. Word had just been brought in by a scout from the west side of the river that 150 half-breeds had crossed to that side.

MISSING TEAMS.

Thirty teams were sent from Humboldt direct to Batoos, under the impression that we would take that trail. Twenty of Boulton's mounted men were sent to-day to bring them in, and up to

The Slain.

Among the Loyalists slain are Private Ferguson No. 1 Co.; Sgt. Macklin, No. 1 Co.; Private Huttons, No. 1 Co.; Private W. Ennis, No. 4 Co. Those seriously wounded are C. Swindell, Lieut. C Co.; Corp. Lethbridge, No. 3 Co.; A. Watson, C. School of Infantry; Asseline, A Battery; Armstrong, do.

From Battleford.

Battleford, April 20.—The massacre at Frog Lake was perpetrated with greater atrocities than at first reported. This is known from the evidence of men who witnessed it, and others who saw the bodies. My reports are absolutely true, unless qualified by saying that they are rumored, notwithstanding official or other denials. Capt. Dickens arrived from Fort Pitt yesterday with 25 men and arms. They had a very hard trip down the river. The Hudson Bay officials and civilians in the fort at the time are prisoners in the hands of the Indians, and was made prisoner. Under penalty of death he was required to take all civilians out of the fort, when the police were to be massacred. Over thirty of all ages went to the camp and it appearing that the capture of the fort would cost too many lives, the Indians compromised by letting the police go free for the surrender of the fort. Fear, not friendship, quited the peace party.

Battleford Believed.

Battleford, April 24.—We crossed the river this morning with Col. Otter and a detachment of mounted police. The troops remain on the other side awaiting orders. It is not yet known what movement will be made. The Indians are all on Pounmaker's reserve in large numbers. The troops are all in splendid health. No attack is now feared here. Mosquito and Red Pheasant's reserves are deserted. A squaw and a pup were found dead on Mosquito's reserve, having probably been murdered. A large quantity of flour and potatoes, and three head of cattle were found, and were brought along with the column. Our scouts had a brush with the Indians near the reserve, but no one was hurt. The people here are all in good condition, with abundance of provisions.

At Fort Qu'Appelle.

Fort Qu'Appelle, April 23.—Information has reached here on what is considered the very best authority, that a place of attack is being considered by the half-breeds and Indians around the fort.

There are about 500 half-breeds around here and in this district, and it is estimated there would be close on two hundred who would be glad of a chance to fight, while all profess their loyalty. It must be understood that their relations and friends are fighting in the north, many of whom have been killed. Their feelings and sympathies are with the rebels. The result of the severe engagements in the north is known amongst them in 12 hours. They say that Riel gave Middleton a beating in the late fight at Fish Creek, and that only three on their side were killed. They also profess to have known where the rebels were to meet Middleton. It is well known here that they have been visited by messengers from the rebel camp, which accounts for their confidence in Riel.

The Indians have been complaining for some time of the harsh treatment they have received at the hands of those in authority over them. Papoo is said to be at the reserve, and will not listen to any more that may be said to him. He says if the Sioux will not help him to fight the whites, the Crees and other tribes will kill them all. It is considered that the Sioux or one of extreme gravity, surrounded as we are by so many reserves, are being distributed to the settlers to live, but should any trouble occur there contiguous to the reserves, will be in great danger. Every precaution is being taken by Col. O'Brien, Surgeon Foresters and York Rangers, and the best will be made of the forces at his command. It will be supported by the settlers, who express their willingness to fight.

BORN.

Fonane—On the 27th, the wife of G. O. Forbes, of a daughter.

DIED.

Houze—On the 28th, Ethel, oldest daughter of J. H. Hughes, aged 17 months.

BRANDON ROLLER RINK.

Special Instruction in the morning and afternoon sessions.

JOHN W. BETHUNE, Manager.

Municipality of BRENDA.

THE.

COURT of REVISION

For the Municipality of Brenda for the purpose of hearing complaints against assessment, will be held at the house of Henry Pollock, Esq., on

19th May, at 12 o'clock noon.

AP-16-23 C. M. CAUGHLIN, Clerk.

We want your



Just long enough to tell you about our BAR-GAINS UNQUELLED.

We want your



Just long enough to see our

NEW GOODS!

It's come!

It's a Big Thing!!

We've got It!!!

An immense new Spring Stock of DRY GOODS and NOVELTIES. Clothing, Gen'l's Furnishing Goods, Hats and Caps.

Every want supplied.
Every taste gratified.
Every buyer delighted.

The widest range for selection, the latest styles, the most reliable goods, by far the lowest price.

THESE ARE FACTS!

Our goods and prices favor them. Come and see.

James Paisley,
North side Rosser, near 9th St., Brandon.